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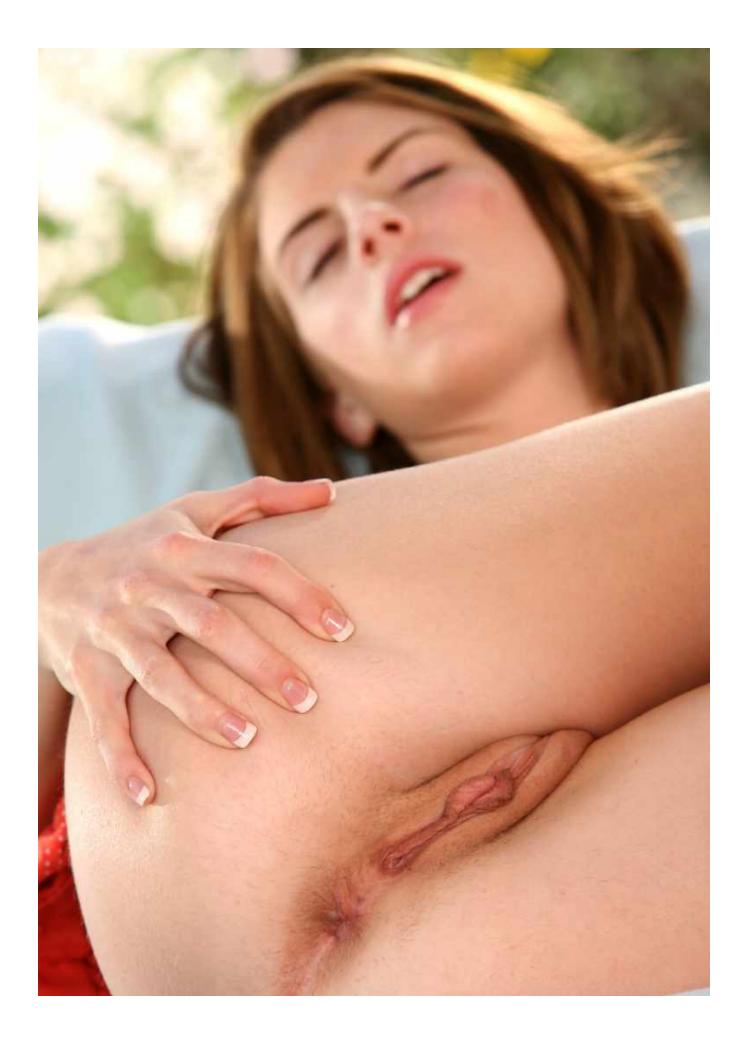
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When all else fails, do it yourself!

Masturbation has got everything going for it. For example, it can be done anywhere (in a restaurant, on a bus, in the office, at a party, at the movies, and at home). Any number of persons, from one on up can play the game. You can play, improvising the rules as you go along. While certain "athletic" equipment may prove helpful, it isn't absolutely necessary.

The name of the game is, "Let Your Fingers Do the Fucking."

I'll admit that if Brianna hadn't dropped her panties on the floor right by the bed in preparation for a long session of fucking and sucking, I might never have been introduced to the wonders of advanced masturbation. But then again, I've always been a guy with a habit for lucking into things.

As I said, I thought Brianna was sleeping off the evening's activity. For some reason I was still wakeful. I just happened to reach down and there were Brianna's panties, all rolled up in a soft nylon ball.

The first thing I knew, I'd picked them up. Now I sniffed their womanly scents, getting a charge out of the combination of fragrance and mustiness. I looked at Brianna. She lay on her back, her eyes closed, her naked tits rising and falling evenly with her deep breathing. Fingering the panties, I began getting the urge again. I reasoned that what Brianna didn't know wouldn't hurt either one of us.

I began rubbing the panties across my chest, lightly tickling my nipples with it. It brought on a wonderful sensation. I felt my cock begin to stir around.

I moved the panties down over my belly and hung them over my now-throbbing prick. The material was soft and silky against the extra sensitive nerve endings of the head of my cock. I wrapped my fist around my shaft, rubbing the panties up and down.

I began having beautiful feelings

Jerk-off Joy

and beautiful fantasies. I was in a world of my own imaginings. I was a pasha in a Turkish harem. I closed my eyes and imagined the Nubian eunuch parading a group of pantaloon-clad chicks before me. Each favored me with a silent appeal with soft glowing eyes, which stared out at me from over mysterious veils.

As I stroked away, I refined the images of my fantasy. I was so taken up with it that I didn't realize for some time that my movements had awakened Brianna. She was propped up on one elbow. Her eyes were glued to the head of my cock where it winked out at her from under her panties.

At first I felt like a kid who'd been caught spying on the girls' sorority at college. I mean, what kind of an idiot would Brianna take me for? A grown man pulling his pud right after four or five rounds of humping.

I shouldn't have worried. Brianna took my free hand in hers, and then she wriggled very close to me. Our bodies touched. Brianna spread her thighs wide and inserted her own finger into her cunt. She began rubbing her clit vigorously. Within seconds, she was making little moaning sounds from deep within her.

Her legs opened and closed in spasms. As she matched me, stroke for stroke, her other hand gripped mine in an ever-tightening vise. Just as she began to come herself, she reached over, grasped my dick (panty-covering and all) and brought me off with a series of convulsive squeezes. My cum shot high and fell back in bright shining drops which



glistened on our naked bellies. I touched Brianna between her legs; she was soaking with her own juices. It had been quite an awesome session.

Later on, as we shared our morning toast and coffee, we talked about the fun we'd had. Brianna, who majored in psychology, had a few pet theories about masturbation. They made for some scintillating conversation.

"We've come a long way, baby," Brianna laughed. "A long way from the time when the so-called 'experts' called masturbation 'self-pollution,' saying it was the base cause for all neurotic or insane behavior. There's no more guilt in jerking off. No more fear of growing hair on the palm of your hand; losing your potency; having your face break out in acne; or becoming a blithering idiot. Not only



is masturbation a substitute for fucking, but it is a very important item in fucking. It's the fun thing that makes everything else work better. Just ask any girl."

Being a guy whose job takes him around the country quite a bit and a dude with a lot of curiosity, I decided to find out just how the finger game was being played in various locales. I wanted to learn as much as I could about the mechanics as well as the psychological turn-ons of both men and women.

At the point of departure on my fact-finding mission, I thought I knew just about everything there was to know concerning sex in all its facets. I was to learn that I was just an innocent when it came to the gentle art of masturbation. As Brianna told me, we've come a long way since teenagers hid behind the barn, pulling away

and worrying over getting caught by the old lady.

In New York, I called Fran. As always, Fran said she was delighted to hear from me. We set it up for that night. Now, Fran has a thing about hot literature; she doesn't go for the kind of crap they sell at the sex shops. It isn't that she finds the subject matter objectionable in any way. But, it's just that it isn't presented with any kind of class.

Fran suggested that we take watch a porn flick on cable. The one scene that had Fran really jumping was the depiction of a beautiful blonde being masturbated in a public restaurant by the man and woman who accompany her. The blonde stands wide-legged at the table while the other two work away under her skirt. All the time, they're giving their food order to the waiter.

"I wish I knew a man with enough gall to do that to me," Fran whispered.

I patted her arm. "I'm getting hungrier by the minute. Why don't we grab a bite and get out of here?" I answered.

I was as good as my word. I took Fran to a small dark place I know. As the waiter brought the menu, I reached under the table. Fran was sitting far forward on her chair. I let my fingers do the walking under her skirt. I felt her smooth pussy was already moist. If Fran had been wearing pants, she'd offed them in the ladies' room. There was nothing to keep my finger from sliding into her cunt. As I debated the best wine choice with the waiter, I maneuvered my finger against her clit. Fran kept her face hidden behind the large menu; only her eyes showed. And they were filled with wonder and excitement.

Suddenly, I felt her hand sneak along my thigh. With deft fingers, she worked my zipper down. In seconds she was inside my shorts, fingering my balls, stroking my shaft. My hard-on pressed down my thigh. I wondered what might happen if I had come right there and then. Fran had anticipated that and slid a crisp napkin off the table. I wonder if anybody in the restaurant ever found out why the napkin we left behind seemed all stuck together.

That's part of the fun of public masturbation, according to Fran. She says she gets a special charge out of doing very private things in places where people congregate. The surreptitious nature of the act adds zest to her sex life.

Fran told me she could bring herself off anywhere, anytime. One of her favorite tricks was to stand on a crowded bus with her crotch pressed against a seated male passenger's shoulder.

"The guy never knows," she giggled. "I've got on very tight panties that rub against my cunt. With just a little body heat from the man's shoulder and a little deft moving back and forth with my thighs, I can come any time I choose. I love to do it because it gives me such a crazy sense of being wicked. Sometimes I fantasize about lifting up my skirt and showing all the other passengers on the bus my soaking wet panties and yelling at them, 'Look, ma! No hands!' I guess I haven't enough guts for that."

Working my way westward on my business trip, I stopped off in Cleveland. There was a redheaded nurse who lived out at Shaker Heights, who'd been more than a little "friendly" to me on my last time through Ohio. A call from the airport brought her to the phone. She was as breathless and eager as she'd ever been.

The arrangements being made, I got in my rental car and off I went to Shaker Heights for an evening of special events with Vanessa—she of the red hair and the professional nurse's built-in desire to bring ease and comfort to people around her.

I asked her whether she ever used masturbation with a man as a substitute for screwing or oral sex. "No," she smiled.

With Vanessa, there was no false shyness. We talked of this and that while we explored each other. Vanessa recalled that exotic foreplay had been my bag. As she stripped out of her clothes, she breathed, "Bobby, I'm going to warm you up like you've never been warmed before."

With that, she climbed over me,

vagina. Vanessa began quivering all over. I thrust both fingers as deep as they would go.

Vanessa continued to rock back and forth, massaging my cock with the ample luxury of her tits. It wasn't long before we brought each other off this way.

And that was only the beginning.



bringing her ample tits down and together so that they surrounded my throbbing cock. As she squatted there, facing my toes, Vanessa began rocking herself back and forth. The slow motion brought delicious sensations. It was as if my prick were encased in a sea of vibrantly pulsating pink velvet.

With her ass and cunt totally exposed to my touch, I felt the only right thing for me to do was to reciprocate in kind. I placed my hand between Vanessa's legs. I placed my thumb in her little pinkish-brown asshole and worked my index finger into her

After we had sucked and fucked to our heart's content, we went back to the finger game. This time Vanessa doused her tits with baby oil so that she could increase the speed of her contortions without giving me a friction burn. Her cunt was so slippery it was a cinch for me to insert three fingers into her.

Vanessa wound up gasping. She said it was the greatest finger-fuck she'd ever had. I asked her whether she ever used masturbation with a man as a substitute for screwing or oral sex.

"No," she smiled. "Only as an

adjunct. I see masturbation as the seasoning that gives food more flavor. Besides, it represents a terrific means of control. I mean, there are times between a guy and a girl when there are problems. Supposing a man can't maintain a hard-on erection, or he comes prematurely. By a woman knowing how to use her hands constructively, she can do wonders for him."

I was intrigued by the therapy side of this business of masturbation. Up until now, I'd considered it a fun thing exclusively. I questioned Vanessa at length. Here are a few of the things she told me:

From time to time every guy suffers from some form of impotence. It can be brought on by overwork or nervous tension or anything. The two most prevalent forms of impotence are inability to maintain erection and premature ejaculation.

In the erection situation, if the woman maintains a tight grip with her fingers on the base of the man's shaft while his dick is inside her, the chances are he'll remain stiff and hard until he comes.

If the problem is a premature ejaculation, a smart woman will follow the Masters and Johnson technique of masturbation therapy. Here the woman strokes the guy to full erection and toys with him until he's ready to let go. Then she pinches down hard with thumb and forefinger on the head of his cock. This keeps him from coming. Through several weeks of such practice, he gains control over himself. He gets over being a 90-second wonder.

After bidding farewell to Vanessa, I continued my travels. In Omaha, I ran into Wendy and the mechanics of masturbation. It was Wendy who showed me the intricate hardware of masturbation. Her favorite device was an old-fashioned barber's vibrator. It was the kind you strap across the back of your hand. She said she even preferred it to the more modern







Whether you frig me or I do it to myself, I get an extra charge out of knowing that there's something warm and live moving up and down my cunt.

designs which stimulated a penis.

As she lay on her bed, her thighs flexed and her knees wide open, and I moved the whirring vibrator up to the inside of her leg, Wendy began explaining the impact.

"You see, I want to feel actual flesh inside me. Whether you frig me or I do it to myself, I get an extra charge out of knowing that there's something warm and live moving up and down my cunt. Then too, there are all kinds of things you can do with the back-of-the-hand vibrator. Like you can grab a handful of tit or ass. You can take all five of your fingers at one time and put them between my toes. You can run your finger into my anus and hold it up there until I go out of my skull."

Wendy told me there were devices other than vibrators which brought all sorts of thrills. She was particularly high on Japanese Balls which can be had at any sex shop.

"Sometimes I wear Japanese Balls all day. It's like I'm on a masturbation marathon," Wendy said. "I insert them in my pussy in the morning. Every time I move, you know, doing my shopping or working around the house or driving my car, those balls are rubbing against the insides of my cunt. It's quite a trip." Just as potent, according to Wendy, are the pulsating water-jet douches which have caught on so widely.

To prove her point, Wendy rushed me into the bathroom and stripped down. She stepped into the tub, adjusted the douche head until the steaming water came out in a needle-point stream. She directed the hose between her legs and stood gasping and screaming as the powerful jet played on the pink inside of her sensitive pussy. All of a sudden a whole series of convulsive shudders ripped through her. She held onto the side of the tub, giving herself over entirely to the series of orgasms she was experiencing.

And Wendy showed that she wasn't selfish when she gave me a

parting gift. It was the type of gizmo known as a "stud ring." It has little plastic lumps on its surface designed to bring extra sensation to a chick when a dude wears it.

However, Wendy said the "stud ring" could serve another purpose entirely. She worked hard at reversing it. Once it was inside out, she and exotic really hangs out.

As I inserted my hand into Michelle's cunt, she closed her eyes and seemed to have gone into a deep trance. Michelle's a reader for one of the larger Hollywood studios. We were on a deserted portion of beach near Malibu. Getting into her bikini was a buildup for some



slipped it on my erect cock. Then she began as educated a hand job as any man can hope for. The little lumps biting down on my dick sent me right up the wall. I think that my orgasm was every bit as intense as the one Wendy had had when she'd used the shower attachment.

If Wendy is a gadget freak, she knows which ones really work. She's a one-woman testing lab.

I got into the real psychological and fantasy side of masturbation when I hit California. Of course, that's where everything that is erotic other ideas I had for later on that afternoon. But at the moment, Michelle seemed a million miles away. I leaned in close to her.

"What are you dreaming about?" I asked.

Her eyes fluttered open. The muscles in her legs tightened as she held my hand in place against her steaming cunt. "You'd never believe," she answered.

I was amazed that bringing Michelle off with my hand could bring about such wild climaxes. "When you have your own finger inside yourself, or somebody else is doing it for

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There was a plethora of squealing and screaming and shouting. Everybody but me seemed to know what would come next. And I found out in a hurry.

you, you don't have to worry about the give and take of sex. Your total commitment is to yourself. Any dream you want to conjure is yours."

Karen's a girl who earns a tidy living by taking care of the sexual wants of both men and women. She's an old school friend of mine who was enjoy it if I wear soft silk gloves that run all the way up to my shoulders. There's something about the gloves which gets him off. And when this guy comes all over those gloves, he's in seventh heaven.

"Then I've known guys who wanted me to dress up in various costumes while I masturbated them.

ments were ordered to step forward and claim them. There was a plethora of squealing and screaming and shouting. Everybody but me seemed to know what would come next. And I found out in a hurry.

The two claimants began removing all of their clothing right there and then in the living room. When they were down to the buff, each would lay down on a plastic mat which had been stretched out on the floor. As they lay there, holding hands, two groups formed.

The chicks encircled the naked guy. The dudes squatted alongside the naked chick. Now the finger-fucking began in earnest. I mean, they poked into ears, under armpits, into asses, up the chick's cunt—anywhere they could find a point of entry.

The naked guy had a hard-on like a flag pole. The girls sat on top of him, one kissing the head of his cock while the other ran her fingernail up and down the cockhead where it met the underside of his shaft.

Everybody was talking up a storm. It was all good, clean fun among friends, and nobody was taking the slightest offense at what was going on.

After the first two participants had exhausted themselves with multiple orgasms on the floor, they were dubbed the king and queen of masturbation. That entailed their calling the shots on the next couple who were selected for the place of honor. I would have never believed there could have been so many varieties of hand-ball activity.

Nor would I have thought anybody would have had any reserve left over for the sucking and fucking that took over a little later. I'll always remember that party as a pile of sweat-glistened arms and legs and heaving torsos, and the smack, slap of drenched flesh coming together, creating suction and breaking away.

Yes, I served my turn on the plastic mat. And I'm not likely to forget that for a long time to come.



voted "most likely to succeed" in the class year book and didn't disappoint her classmates.

Of course, Karen was delighted to see me. So delighted that we had a few hours of sweating, squirming allout sex in her well-appointed crib before we got into a sex-hungry chick's view of the hand job.

"No girl worth her name would dispense with masturbation," Karen noted. "It's not the hand job so much that counts, but the way you take it and tailor it to the needs of the individual.

"I know one guy who can only

I've been a nun, a nurse—you name it and I've played the role. I even get into it with other women."

My last night in Hollywood, I was introduced to masturbation as a swingers' party game. One of the gimmicks used was a treasure hunt. As each girl arrived, she was told by the hostess to drop her panties in a growing pile on the floor. Each dude was ordered to take off his shirt.

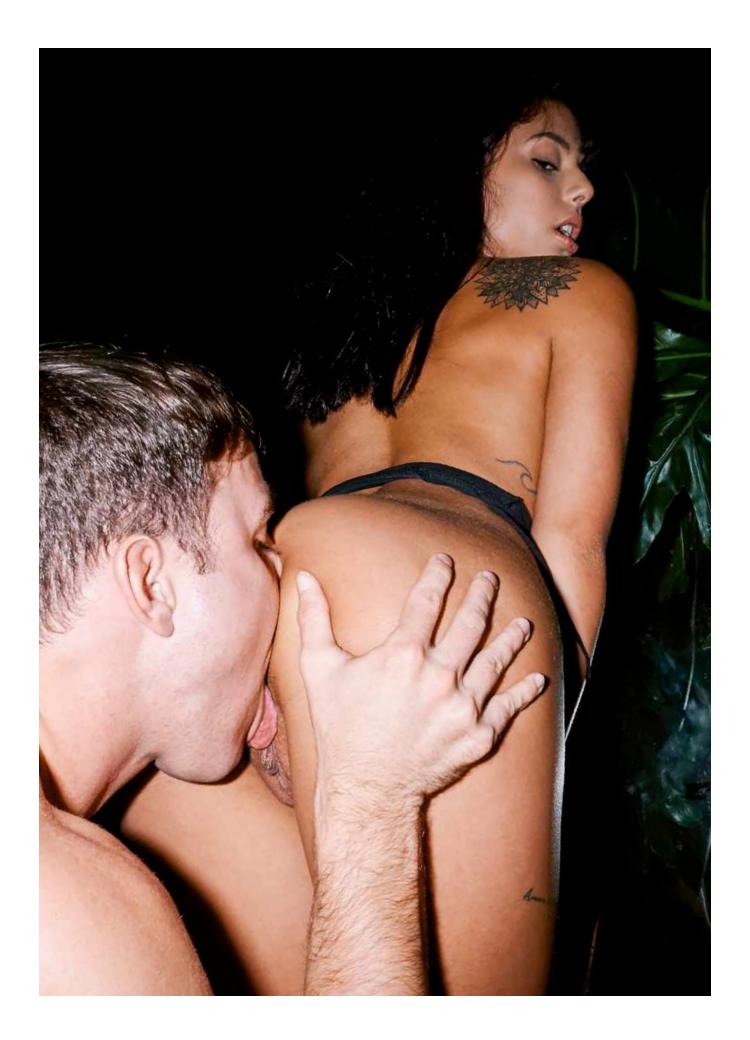
Then a guy and a chick were blindfolded. The guy reached into the pile of panties and selected one. The chick did the same thing with a shirt. The owners of the two gar-



deserves. He checks my wetness before I suck his cock to be sure he is very aroused; then we fuck!





















































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cusing on his bulge. After he finally gave in to my advances, I was anxious to learn how to suck and fuck it.



























finally letters:

More letters have come into the office that we had to share just a couple more with you here today



I was at a party on campus a few weeks ago and had

They talked for a minute before

the tall one accepted the challenge if we played strip pool. Seven balls each plus the 8, they told us.

some mingling and more than a few drinks, we ended up at the pool table. We managed to get a couple of

an experience that was simply too

amazing not to share. My buddy,

Kyle, was there with me and after

games in before we were interrupted, but that was where the situation got interesting. Two sorority girls, one of them tall, with long, light hair and petite features introduced herself as Lindsey while the other was shorter and a little more formed named Emma. Each had a few drinks and were demanding the use of the table.

Normally, after a couple of games, I'd figure it'd be fair to let them have it, but Kyle stepped in first and challenged them to play for it. They talked for a minute before the tall one accepted the challenge if we played strip pool. Seven balls each plus the 8, they told us, meant hat, shirt, pants, boxers for us, and for them, shirt, pants, bra, and panties. Losing team would end up completely naked. Kyle didn't even wait to hear all the instructions before agreeing to the terms and he quickly started setting up the game. He took the first shot and made his first two, quickly getting them out of their shirts. Both girls had been hiding a little behind slightly large clothing, and now that they were showing off, my crotch did a quick jump. They both played along, and as Lindsey leaned over to take her shot, her boobs and bra fell towards the table, giving me something to watch behind the

game, and before I knew what was happening, both Kyle and I lost our hats, and I lost my shirt.

I was so distracted by the girls, who were trying to sabotage me by standing directly in the line of sight and showing off their cleavage. It worked and I missed, quickly mak-

ing it Emma's turn. I tried to return the distraction by giving them a show of my own toned body. But I was something less than convincing as Emma got Kyle out of his shirt and pants before the cue ball flew off the table and hit Kyle in the chest, and we both stopped showing off after that.

Suddenly we were way down. It was Kyle's shot, and he at least got the girls out of their pants to bring it a little closer, but it was getting tight for us when Lindsey stepped up again. She smirked and locked her eyes on us as she quickly got me out of my pants, leaving all four of us there in just our underwear. Her next shot knocked in her own ball, and she took the punishment, undoing her bra to let her full breasts out and free. Really, at that point, I had no shot and ended up removing my underwear, leaving me there standing strong, proud, and hard as hell. The next shot removed Kyle's underwear and defeated us.

Lindsey and Emma had us at that point, naked, with a party somewhere in the distant background of the house. They won and could have chased us away. Instead, they pushed us back toward the pool table, and with a wicked smile, Emma went down on my throbbing cock while Lindsey













took Kyle's. My eyes rolled back in my head out of both surprise and ecstasy, the pleasure quickly rushing through me. I looked back over and saw that Kyle was already in his own state of heaven, and somehow, we managed just enough acknowledgement of each other to hold out a quick fist bump. The girls traded, so that they both sucked off each of our cocks before they turned us around.

When they did, I was surprised to see that they'd removed what they'd had left and they both lay themselves back on the pool table, holding their legs up and open, inviting us to shove our dicks in. Kyle and I shared a quick glance before he slid himself into Emma, leaving Lindsey for me. She reached up and played with her nipples while I thrust in and out rapidly, with all the pent-up energy of the night rushing through me. Kyle didn't let me finish in Lindsey, wanting to trade after a few minutes.

There wasn't much holding me back when I sild smoothly into Emma's hot, hungry, and shared pussy, but she managed to keep me right on the edge for as long

...the wine wore us down, I slowly incorporated hints of a three-way to liven up our lives. She seemed amused by the thought...

that's neighborly of you

Her name was Destiny and she lived in our building. She was a neighbor of ours and I'd spotted her in the elevator a few times. We got to talking one day as we waited for a cab. She told me she was 23, just graduated from NYU and was looking to start a career in fast-fashion mercandising. I told her I wanted to sexy-up my underwear drawer, and what better person than a beautiful fashionista.

We set our plans for Saturday and met at a major store's lingerie department. We went through almost their entire inventory of 34Ds and settled on six new bras for me and a dozen pair of panties that included eight g-strings and four thongs. I had never worn such sexy stuff. I convinced Destiny to come back to my apartment and help me choose some of them to wear during the week.

As we entered my apartment, my husband Darian was there watching college football games. I introduced them and we headed off to the bedroom to try on the



as possible. The girls leaned into each other and started making out as we only went harder and faster. Finally, within seconds of each other, both Kyle and I exploded, sending streams into each of our girls. We collapsed on top of them, and I started making out with Emma for several minutes before I felt myself finally slide out of her.

Neither of us have seen the girls since then, and I'm starting to wonder if I ever will again, but every time I imagine it, blood rushes back to my cock thinking about sharing the hot, mysterious girls I shared with my best friend.

- Lee M., Syracuse, NY

new stuff. While I was modeling them for her, she told me that she had just split with her boyfriend of four years because he found out she had experimented with girls in college. No matter how much she tried to explain and ask forgiveness, he wouldn't hear of it. They split and she had been wandering from one night stands to month long affairs, none of which were satisfying.

As the afternoon wore on and the wine wore us down, I slowly incorporated hints of a three-way to liven up both our lives. She seemed amused by the thought and I invited her for dinner on Sunday night. She agreed and I saw her to the







door. We gave each other a big hug and quick kiss to seal the deal. After she leaves, I go over to Darian and join him on the sofa to watch the end of the game. I told him of the dinner invite and at first he seemed a little negative until I mentioned that she was bisexual and if he wanted to do her, I meant us, that would be okay with me.

It's now 7 pm on Sunday night and she's right on time. He gets the door and invites her in. All three of us are dressed nicely and I have a sexy bra and panty set on that he doesn't know about. Dinner passes nicely with good conversation and laughs. Darian and Destiny seem to have hit it off and are comfortable with each other. I ask him to clean up the dishes while she and I get something to show him.

Destiny and I go into the bedroom and I show her what I'm wearing underneath. She lifts her top to show me hers

and I smile approvingly. I tell her to go get Darian and bring him here. She does and when he comes into the bedroom, he finds me standing in front of the bed in a hot red half bra and lace thong that drops

She lifts her top to show me hers and I smile approvingly. I tell her to go get Darian and bring him here.

her manner so I wrapped my hands round her head, pulled her towards me and kissed her full on the mouth.

As I went to remove my underwear she stopped me. "Leave it... it is sexy," she said. That silky muff was where I wanted to be but first her perfect tits demanded to be sucked.

One of her hands was inside my panties and seemed to be enjoying the smoothness of my pubic mound. I put my hands on her meaty ass and squeezed her buns. I pulled the cheeks apart and saw Darian's eyes widen.

I saw Darian lean towards us but wasn't prepared for what happened next. He lunged forward and buried his face in Destiny's ass. If it came as a shock to me it was just as much of a surprise to her and she jumped. Surprisingly she smiled. She lay face down and spread her cheeks with her

hands by way of invitation. This time I wasn't missing out on seeing her puckered hole and joined Darian between her legs.

We jostled to see who would get first attempt at rimming her.



his jaw half way to the floor.

Now, Destiny strips out of her clothes without being asked and her body was stunning. She was around the same height as me but thinner. To balance that she had bigger tits and bigger hips and a beautiful ass. Her skin was a lightly tanned and cried out to be licked.

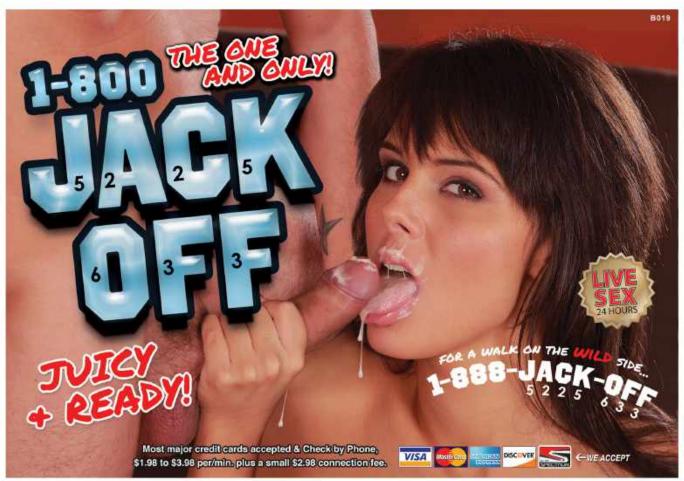
She unhooked her bra and threw it aside. Then she sat on the bed and peeled her panties down her long muscular legs. Her muff had the smoothest, straightest pubic hair I'd ever seen on a girl. Not only that, it gleamed like satin and made my mouth water. At any rate the chill had gone out of

I unzipped his fly, pulled out his cock and popped it onto my mouth. From the top of the bed I heard Destiny moaning loudly as Darian fucked her ass with his tongue.

I have to stop there because it's my turn to get in there. She wanted to return the favors. We said, we'd like that.

- Darla, Indianapolis, IN

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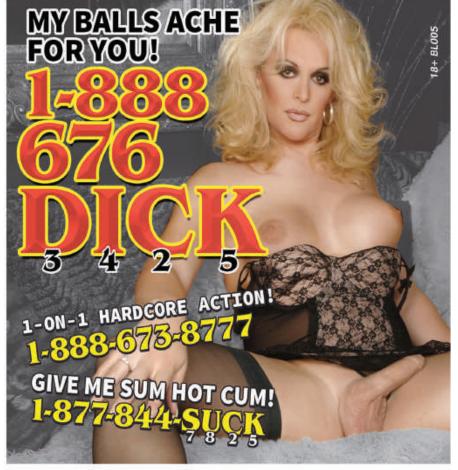


























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